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AT  
THE  
BEAUTIFUL  
GATE

CHAMBERS



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J. Menck Chambers



# At The Beautiful Gate.

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A Book of Poems for the Heart

BY

I. MENCH CHAMBERS

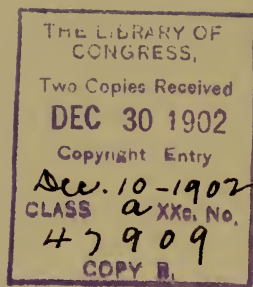
*Author of "Harold Payson."*

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To My Mother

WHO HAS LONG LIVED WITHIN THE CITY, THE GATE  
OF WHICH IS CALLED "BEAUTIFUL," AND WHOSE  
GODLY LIFE IS AN INSPIRATION AND  
CHERISHED MEMORY, THESE  
VERSES ARE LOVINGLY  
INSCRIBED.





## INTRODUCTORY

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The heart needs the medicine of hope and the ministry of cheerful and comforting words. The sick, the weary, the troubled, the discouraged, and the sorrowful, are yet daily laid at "the Gate Beautiful," and it is the business of those who travel for the King to help in their healing through such service as He commands.

The voiceless prayer, uttered, yet unheard by the passing pilgrim, oft finds its answer in what the Master bids us say or do.

Assured in many ways of the help given to hundreds to whom some of these verses came, they are gathered into this form, together with the addition of a large number of later poems for the heart.

They are sent forth on their errand with the prayer that they may prove to be words coming in season to such as are weary, and who need their message.

I. M. C.



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## PORTRAIT

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AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.



## AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

At the Beautiful Gate  
Of the Temple grand,  
A cripple sat, holding  
In pity his hand  
For the dole of mercy  
The pilgrim might lay  
In the palm of a beggar  
Who sat by the way.

Both the rich and the poor  
Are passing to-day ;  
They seek the blest Temple  
To worship and pray,  
As the beggar in want  
Beseechingly pleads  
For the silver and gold  
For life's many needs.

As the rich gave their gold  
A stranger draws near,  
Who leaves him a message  
Of hope and of cheer ;

Then stooping beside him  
He whispers a name  
Which hath power to save  
The helpless and lame.

The message he left him  
Hath often been told:—  
“That not in my keeping  
Are silver and gold,  
But the wealth which I have  
I now give to thee,—  
In the name of the Christ,  
Rise, walk, and be free.”

Near the Beautiful Gate  
Are the needy still,  
Whom we can oft gladden  
For Christ if we will;  
And above the archway  
This truth I can see:—  
“Whenever ye do this,  
Ye do it to Me.”

## BELLS OF PEACE.

Far within my soul's seclusion,  
Where the world's harsh noises cease,  
Daily chime, in cadence tender,  
Those sweet bells,—God's bells of peace.

Freed from touch of outer discords,  
Though below earth's chariots roll,  
Angels strike the notes of Heaven  
In the belfry of the soul.

Peace, sweet peace, with tone so tender,  
Doth the Lord of life, at will,  
Touch each troubled heart and whisper,  
From the belfry,—“Peace, be still.”

## TO-DAY.

Oh, do not wait till afterwhile,  
To-day's the time for deed and smile,  
Just now dispense your gifts of grace,—  
Just now, as you meet face to face.

To-morrow's grief cannot atone,  
If we have fail'd to love our own,  
Or leave a bit of sunshine fall  
Along our little path for all.

Life in its worth to me and you  
Will always lie in what we do  
For others, with a touch of heart,  
As, day by day, we meet and part.



## THE STRANGER'S THOUGHT.

Just a few were there to hear  
Of the sympathetic tear  
Which the Saviour, long ago,  
Shed at sight of human woe.  
Yet the preacher drew it plain—  
Those who heard saw Christ again  
Stooping yet o'er pain and loss—  
Lifting with us still the cross.  
One among the few, that eve,  
Did not in this truth believe ;  
One whose lot in life was sad ;  
Griefs and burdens he had had,  
Yet, in all, no tender word  
From a Christian soul was heard.  
He had borne his griefs alone,  
On his way no mercy shone.  
When the preacher called for prayer,  
Deacon Brown arose, and there  
In the presence of the few,  
Sought for each a better view  
Of the Master's loving thought ;  
Prayed that each might there be taught  
How to see in Him a Friend  
True and steadfast to the end.  
As he closed his prayer, 'twas then  
That those gathered said, "Amen!"  
From the meeting and the prayer,  
Disbelieving, in despair,

This poor soul, so often hurled  
'Gainst the sorrows of the world,  
Homeward turned, and not a word  
From a single soul was heard ;  
Not a hand-grasp there was given  
To this one so sorely driven.  
Christians? Yet their grace was stayed,  
Though in earnestness they prayed.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is what the stranger thought :  
"Did they feel what there was taught?  
Why not seek to answer prayer  
When a weary heart was there?  
Why not *show* the tender side  
Of the Christ, the crucified?

\* \* \* \* \*

This is why, e'en to this day,  
Many doubt while Christians pray ;  
And since love will not relieve,  
Many souls will not believe.  
So let *thy* light in brightness shine,  
That others see the Christ divine ;  
And, through Brotherhood, find rest  
On Christ's sympathetic breast.

## THE LESSON OF TRUST.

I've learned as days have passed me,  
Fretting never lifts the load,  
And that worry, much or little,  
Cannot smooth an irksome road;  
For you know that somehow, always,  
Doors are opened—ways are made,  
When we strive to live in patience  
Under all the cross that's laid.

He who waters meadow lilies  
With the dew from out the sky;  
He who feeds the flitting sparrows  
When in need of food they cry,  
Never fails to help His children  
In all things, both great and small,  
For His ear is ever open  
To our faintest far-off call.

So take up the duty nearest,  
Trust, and do your very best,  
And you'll learn that priceless lesson,  
How to leave with God the rest.

## LIFE'S LITTLE WINDOWS.

Sitting by life's little window,  
We have seen God's love go by;  
Bearing tenderly a blessing,  
Where His soul heard but a sigh.

'Twas a touching plea, though wordless,  
For a true wish is a prayer;  
And they rise from unseen sources,  
Moving God's heart everywhere.

Yes, the road o'er which He travels  
With His mercies is not new;  
And from off this royal highway,  
Is a path that reaches you.

Do you see the angels coming  
Down this footpath to your door;  
Bearing tenderly God's mercies,  
Day by day, in boundless store?

Sitting by life's little window,  
Watching how God's love goes by;  
Thankful, let your praises pass it,  
On their journey to the sky.

## OUR LACK OF HEART.

*"I shall pass through this world but once, Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."*

Sometimes we only pass, then part,  
In sunshine times or rain,  
We hasten on with lack of heart,  
And never meet again;  
We look into each other's face,  
Or hurried grasp the hand,  
And do not longer wait, because  
We do not understand.

We leave the cheerful words unsaid,  
We gaze with vacant stare,  
When 'tis, perhaps, an hour which calls  
For sympathy or pray'r.  
We tread life's dusty road in haste,  
And selfish seek our goal,  
Unconscious of the needs which plead  
From out a weaker soul.

Thus through neglect we lose from life  
What life was meant to hold—  
The ministry of helpfulness—  
And callous grow and cold;  
We meet, but pass with empty hand  
Hearts which appeal in vain;

We pass, and leave our good ungiven—  
And never meet again.

To mark the tests of tenderness  
Which lie within the days;  
To prove our sympathy and love  
In little helpful ways;  
Ah, this will gild life's eventide  
With mem'ries that are blest;  
For they alone are restful there,  
*Who did for all their best.*

## SOME DAY, DEAR HEART.

Some day, dear heart, we'll find again,  
Not now, but afterwhile,  
The prayers we said, the life we lived,  
The thought, the word, the smile ;  
For naught is lost which God doth keep,  
And of our sowing we shall reap,  
Sometime, just afterwhile.

To-day we scatter here and there  
In love of our dear Lord,  
The little efforts of the heart,  
The best we can afford ;  
And pray that only His blest will  
Shall guide us as our place we fill,  
And covet nothing more.

Yet often, as we quit the day  
Our heart is sorely sad.  
We wrought so poorly, ah, we fail'd  
In moments we have had ;  
So said our faithless heart, and we  
Believed its doubts, and could not see  
That God could bless it all.

But when our Lord shall come again  
The turns we little thought  
Would realize the hopes we held,  
Shall come with blessings fraught.

Yes, in the blessed afterwhile,  
The thought, the word, the tear and smile,  
Shall compensate our heart.



## ON THE BANKS OF NIGHTFALL.

Do not check life's little worries  
Of yesterday on through ;  
Leave each vexing thing behind you,  
Let the morrow be all new.

Gather from the life which has been  
Only what is good and best.  
Be content while this you treasure  
To forget and leave the rest.

Every morrow is a new day,  
In which those will best live, who  
Firmly by God's help determine  
Not to check one worry through.

Leave them on the banks of nightfall ;  
Greet each morn with happy face,  
Striving in content and gladness,  
Thus for Christ to fill your place.

## THE ANGEL.

Beside a tired heart  
An angel came,  
And whisper'd soothing words  
In Christ's dear name,  
And went her way, unseen  
By mortal eyes;  
None knew this deed, save God  
Within the skies.

They never met again  
Along life's way;  
God plann'd that they should meet  
Within a day,  
When hearts see face to face,  
In realms above,  
And measure there the worth  
Of thought and love.

## THE BLESSED BY-AND-BY.

We shall read life's lessons better  
In the blessed by-and-by,  
When our Saviour is the teacher,  
And we see with tearless eye.  
We shall miss no word nor accent,  
Neither shall we lose the place,  
When we read life's harder lessons  
With the Master face to face.

We shall read life's lessons better,  
We shall learn them one by one,  
In the City of the Ransom'd,  
Where the crown of life is won.  
We shall know about the crosses—  
Yes, the loneliness and tears,  
We shall read with God the meaning  
Of the trials which fill'd the years.

There's a page within this volume,  
Where our losses are explain'd,  
A page we oft have studied,  
When our souls were sorely pain'd.  
We shall read it over yonder—  
And how different it will be,  
When the light of Home shall guide us,  
Our Father's thought to see!

## THE SAVIOUR'S TEARS.

He spake unto a broken heart  
Of how the Saviour's tears  
In pity fell in sorrow's time  
Back in the distant years;  
And knelt amid the bruis'd reeds  
And pray'd the Christ to feel,  
The anguish of another soul  
And lift His hand to heal.

'Twas just a word in His dear name,  
Warmed by affection's glow;  
Spoken in tenderness and love  
Where God had bade him go,  
And through the touch of brotherhood,  
The Master chose His way,  
And down amid the tears and sighs  
His love breathed calm that day.

Ah, oft the road of life is dark  
To other hearts than ours;  
And leaden skies hang over them,  
While we see beauteous stars.  
And mercy's mission is to stoop,  
With Christ, with helpful hand,  
To raise the weak, and solve the stress  
They little understand.

## EACH DAY'S MOTTO.

To choose this motto for each day,  
Will be a blessed plan:  
"I'll try to do one good, kind deed  
For Jesus if I can."

I'll try to see in other lives  
What He would have me do  
And in a tender, noiseless way,  
Be kind and good and true.

I'll try and make each little day  
Record one deed of love,  
Which I may read at eventide—  
And find fulfill'd above.

## THE HEAVY CROSS.

Is the burden very heavy,  
And do you ofttimes pray  
The Master to remove it,  
From off your heart to-day?  
Ah, soul, life's richest blessings  
Hide 'neath a cross sometime;  
It may be this you carry,  
Foretells of bliss sublime!

The truest life when all is weighed  
Is not the careless day  
Through which the sun continuous,  
Doth shine upon thy way.  
The cloud which casts its shadow  
Where truest joys may rest,  
In Heaven may prove to be  
The day of all the best.

The love of God doth mingle with  
Our life where'er we roam,  
And ne'er a cross is sent us,  
Which may not help toward Home;  
The tear, the heavy heart and sigh,  
The sorrow-time, the loss;  
Each point toward endless blessing,  
Through faith, beyond the cross.

To bear the cross in patience,  
Sore though its weight may be;





*At The Beautiful Gate—3*

“IS THE BURDEN VERY HEAVY?”





To suffer where the Master  
Fixes such times to thee:—  
This guides to sunsets golden  
At last within the West,  
Where God doth crown the faithful  
With endless life and rest.

So bear the heavy burden  
Which God appointeth thee:  
Walk with a trustful spirit  
When 'tis too dark to see;  
Let not distrust nor murmur  
Find in thy soul a place:  
Bear till the Master cometh,  
Thy cross by His given grace.

For always close beside thee  
When known to care and stress,  
God's guarding angels hover,  
In ministry to bless;  
And when we reach the Homeland,—  
To-morrow it may be,—  
Each cross will have a meaning,  
Which now we fail to see.

Dear Saviour, keep us trustful,  
Though sorely pressed to-day;  
Shape life into Thine image,  
As potters do the clay;

And by Thy touch perfected,  
Bring us at last to see  
That life is crowned because  
We bore our cross for Thee.

## IN THEIR ARM CHAIRS.

In their arm chairs by the window,  
Age sits looking toward the West,  
As the shadows of the evening  
Fold the tired hours to rest,  
Gazing through that wide perspective  
Which a Christian faith can throw,  
As from Heaven, before the aged,  
As they wait with God below.

Through the sunset's open gateway  
Methinks the angels bear  
Messages of kindly greeting  
Down around the old arm chair.

In the bliss of such communion  
Heaven oft finds us unawares,  
As we gather round the aged  
Waiting in their old arm chairs.  
Close beside their quiet rocking  
We have dropp'd full many a care,  
And found rest from troubled heartache  
While in need we tarried there.

Blessed souls, oft torn by sorrow,  
How they wept as we met loss,  
And while rocking by the window  
Bore with us our heavy cross.

Father, keep their evening cloudless,  
And when Thou dost need them THERE,  
Give us strength to bear their absence  
From the time-worn old arm chair.

## THE HOMELAND SKIES.

A cheerful word, a sunny smile,  
As we meet face to face;  
An act of love, a helping hand,  
Given in kindly grace:  
These are the stars whose fadeless light  
Shines down as daylight dies,  
And points to blessings farther on,  
Beneath the Homeland skies.

To-day we'll leave them then, and pray  
That while the sunbeams shine,  
We each may give the passing hours  
A touch which is divine;  
And write the record of the years,—  
In characters of grace,—  
In that we've serv'd God's children well  
As we met face to face.

## WIND AND TIDE.

The ocean is wide,  
But a timely tide  
Rolls in from the unknown shores,  
To carry our bark  
O'er the waters dark,  
Where the heart hath treasur'd stores.

And the winds adrift  
Well their burden shift,  
As they fill the dove-white sails,  
And it's good to know  
That the winds will blow  
For the life that sometimes fails.

For upon the sea,  
Where our lives must be,  
God's wind bloweth sure and strong,  
And where'er we glide  
He sendeth the tide  
To further our lives along.

## THE MASTER KNOWS.

Be quiet, soul! Thy Master knows  
The trying day,  
And in the midst of pain and tears  
I hear Him say:  
"I love thee still, cast all thy care  
Upon thy Lord, and leave it there."

The blessed Christ is wondrous kind  
To such as thee;  
For as thy day, has He not said,  
Thy strength shall be?  
Ah, restful truth in which to hide  
When burdens press and cares betide!

God's love will hold, though dark the hour;  
This love is thine.  
Fear not, dear soul, but rest beneath  
The wings Divine;  
And shelter'd there, be anxious still,  
With patient heart, to bide His will.

And afterwhile, at eventide  
It will be light;  
And as you then shall view the past,  
All will be right;  
For God sends naught within these days  
For which thou shalt not give Him praise.

Be quiet, then, let faith suppress  
Disturbing thought,  
And urge thy soul to lean and wait,  
However fraught ;  
For in the Christ, thou hast a Friend  
Whose love is constant to the end.



## AS THE DAYS GO BY.

Stealing up near to the weary  
To whisper some word of rest ;  
Telling of God and His goodness  
To those by the tempter prest ;  
Showing a bright ray of sunshine  
That was lost because of tears,  
Bringing to view a blessed hope  
Eclipsed by doubts and fears.

Speaking about the good future  
To those disturbed by care,  
Who never think for a moment  
That peace may await them there.

Making some burden the lighter,  
Sheltering souls that must roam,  
Placing a light in thy window  
To guide some prodigal home ;  
Dispensing thine alms in secret ;  
Helping the poor when they cry,  
Making this old world the better  
As the days and years go by.

Faithful to meet every duty,  
Seeking the will of your Lord,  
Doing some service of mercy  
Shall joy another afford ;

Spending the years of a life-time  
For the good which you can do  
In directing those around you  
To that which is right and true,

Making *your* pathway to Heaven  
More beautiful every day ;  
Gaining new faith in God's promise  
By work for Him on the way ;  
Thus drawing somewhat the nearer  
And learning a little more  
Of God, and the Christ He sent thee,  
Than ever you have before.

## HE COMES AGAIN.

Life is but a small hour's watching  
    'Twixt now and then,  
For afar I hear His footfall,  
    He comes again.  
I know not when beside my door  
    The Lord shall stand,  
And knock for entrance, soft and low,  
    With pierced hand.

To me that hour remains untold,  
    Most wonderous kind  
Is He, who holds that moment, thus  
    Mine eyes to blind;  
Lest childish fear might sometimes mar  
    The work in hand.  
Ah, well doth God who loveth me,  
    All understand.

Yet each hour shall find me watchful,  
    'Twixt now and then;  
For I know my Lord is coming  
    For me again.  
With the tasks of life all finished,  
    When toilings end,  
In the doorway I would meet Him,  
    The Lord, my Friend.

## UP IN HEAVEN.

For aching hearts sweet Heaven holds  
The only cure  
For cares which press against the soul,  
And oft obscure  
Our fondest hopes, shall each be lost  
Within its rest,—  
When God shall fold our tired lives  
Close to his breast,  
And whisper in love the meaning  
Of pain and care ;  
And show how these as angels kind  
Help'd lead us there.  
And as then we view our losses.  
These days shall hold  
Treasures of soul-life richer far  
Than costly gold.

## DISCONTENT.

A lowly place and humble task,  
What doth such service mean I ask?  
Why doth my Master make me yield  
My wish to serve some larger field?  
For what can grow in soil so poor—  
The ground is hard, the place obscure?

To fairer fields and richer soil  
I'd go to sacrifice and toil,  
And yet to me this truth is clear—  
The Master knows why I am *here*.  
So I will sow, and trust his grace  
For harvests from this lowly place,  
And in my patience wait to see  
His purpose strange in sending me.

Toil and tears run through the years,  
But afterwhile the fruit appears,  
And reapers many, come to share  
The gifts of sacrifice and care.  
And now, at last, 'tis all made clear  
Why God saw fit to send me here.

Ah, ye who sometimes fret and pine,  
Because an obscure place is thine,  
Let this plain truth thy soul inspire,  
To leave thy life in God's desire.  
Toil ever on, whate'er the stress,  
Sow always seed the Lord can bless,

And afterwhile you'll come to trace  
An heavenly purpose in your place.

This thought may oftentimes peace afford—  
That thou art serving as thy Lord  
An humble place, yet of design,  
Which comes from out His heart Divine.

## HAST THOU WALKED WITH HIM?

Hast thou walk'd long with the Master  
By the paths His feet once trod,  
There to learn the secret meaning  
Of a life control'd by God?  
'Tis in these diviner pathways  
Love fulfills the king's request,  
And lets falls her benedictions  
O'er the needy and oppress.

Hast thou walk'd long with the Master  
As He soothed a troubled soul?  
Hast thou felt the Saviour's pathos  
As He said to such, "Be whole"?  
If thou hast, then thou can'st visit  
Human sorrows as did He;  
Thou can'st bind the broken hearted  
As did Christ of Galilee.

Hast thou walk'd long with the Master  
Underneath a heavy cross,  
There to learn with Him the meaning  
And the pain of human loss?  
Ah, 'tis here we learn far better  
What of sacrifice it cost  
God's own Son, the Christ, the Saviour,  
To redeem and save the lost.

Yonder from the shores celestial,  
As of yore by Galilee,

Let us hear the Master calling,  
    "Child of earth, come, follow me."  
Follow as the Spirit leadeth,  
    In those ways My feet oft trod;  
Find therein the path of promise,  
    Leading upward unto God.







*At The Beautiful Gate—4*

“‘COME TO ME, I AM THY SAVIOUR.’”

## JESUS AND THE CHILD.

Do we hear the Master calling  
To the children as of old,  
Can we hear this day the story  
Which the blessed Saviour told  
Of the lamb, the loving Shepherd  
Lost within the mountain wild;  
How with tender search He sought it,  
Weary, and of sin defiled?

Down the pathway of the ages  
Jesus walks with watchful eye,  
And He calls each little child-heart  
As he sees it passing by,—  
“Come to Me, I am thy Saviour,”  
And His stainless touch one more  
Lays upon their heads a blessing,  
Just as did His touch of yore.

We may teach the little children  
To see Him in the flowers;  
To mark His gracious Presence  
As He walks among the hours.  
Yes, our hands may lead them surely,  
Till His arms around them bend;  
Till they learn to see in Jesus  
Their blest Lord and dearest Friend.

Call them, call them! for He's coming  
In these happy springtime days;

And his ear, I know, is listening  
For the children's song of praise.  
Let them hail the dear Redeemer,  
And as older people see,  
May the children's praises lead them,  
Dearest Master, unto Thee.

## ONLY A WORD.

In God's dear name  
I spake a word,  
And afterwhile  
I sweetly heard  
It coming back to me.

A saddened soul  
In lands away,  
Had heard its sound  
One cloudy day,  
And through it comfort found.

He sent it back,  
And bid me speed  
It out again,  
Where hearts had need,  
That *they* might share its good.

And now I'm glad  
I spoke the word,  
And thank the Lord  
That it was heard  
By one whose life had need.

## PRAYER.

I love to steal away sometimes  
From busy hours all fraught with care,  
And quietly alone with God  
Relieve my heart through prayer;  
For it always soothes the spirit—  
It braves the heart anew,  
And though life seems perplexing,  
God doth my strength renew.

For the spirit worn finds resting,  
As it nears the Father's heart,  
And makes known its doubts and trouble,  
And beside the bitter part;  
How the hours oft seem distracting,  
How our work seems when the sun  
Bids adieu to us at evening  
And the day of toil is done.

But what peace glides in from Heaven  
When God's voice falls on our ears,  
Telling us He still doth love us,  
Though our work so poor appears;  
That He sees us as we labor,  
And well knows we mean all right,  
Though we oft come empty-handed,  
When we leave the field at night.



## ONE LITTLE LIFE.

Just one little life to live,  
So to-day,  
I will pray  
That each word and act of mine,  
May reflect the Christ divine,  
Whom I love.

Just one little life to give,  
As the day  
Wears away!  
And in faith I look to see,  
What this life shall bring to me  
When 'tis done.

Just a little life to live,  
Soon I'll wait,  
By yon gate;  
Just beyond which mansions lay,  
There to hear my Saviour say,—  
“Welcome home.”

## TO-MORROW.

'Twill all be right to-morrow,  
So put by thy sorrow ;  
For you'll better know,  
As God shall show,  
Why the winds blew rain,  
And the heart had pain  
Yesterday.

'Twill all be well to-morrow,  
So trouble do not borrow ;  
The adverse winds shall cease,  
The sky shall clear in peace,  
All waves shall fall asleep  
On the quiet of the deep  
To-morrow.

In face of wind and tide  
God wisely doth provide,  
For Christ of Galilee  
Now walks the sea with thee,  
And through the gathering night  
He points thee to the light  
On the shore.



## OUR FATHER'S HOUSE.

Our Father's house lies yonder,  
To faith its shining dome  
Doth rise to guide the pilgrim  
Toward God and Heav'n and Home.

There dwell the lost and long'd for—  
The Saviour, too, is there,  
And oft in silence riseth  
This simple, heart-felt prayer:

“Oh, guide my way, dear Father,  
Cross shadow and through shine,  
To meet again in Heaven  
The lov'd of Thine and mine.”

Our souls still cling, though absent,  
And yet we feel the pain  
Of sunder'd loves—but yonder,  
We'll meet our friends again.

The heart ne'er aches in Heaven  
And loneliness and tears  
Shall never cross to sadden  
Those glad eternal years.

Our Father's house lies yonder,  
To faith its shining dome  
Doth beckon weary pilgrims  
Toward God and rest and Home.

## FROM NEAR-BY PULPITS.

In everything about our path  
Some lesson God is teaching,  
And from these pulpits now-a-days  
Grand sermons He is preaching.  
The vine which climbs up yonder wall  
Has as its theme "grace-growing,"  
And seeds that stand by basketfuls  
Discourse to men on sowing.

The bud pulsating 'gainst its hull,  
Its spring-time hopes renewing,  
Is whispering unto laggard souls  
The words, "Be up and doing."  
And sparrows from their half-built nests,  
By cottage eaves, are showing  
How souls ought build for better things  
While spring-time hours are going.

The robin who, from spired pine,  
His happy song is singing,  
Is telling how our hearts should joy  
To other lives be bringing.  
And sunbeams straying from the sky,  
With benedictions golden,  
By many a sigh, inquire why  
Our hearts are so withholden.

## LOANED TO THEE.

God keeps the hours, and loans to thee,  
For use, a few,  
And says, "Fill each with thoughts of Mine,  
Faithful and true.  
Gird every purpose, make it bend  
Toward holier life, and, in the end,  
Likeness to Me."

God keeps all grace, and lends thee thine,  
Just as thy day ;  
So, falter not, nor miss His thought,  
But ever pray,  
That as He leads, no matter where,  
Thy soul may find God's presence there,  
To strengthen thee.

God keeps the end, and grants to thee  
To reach its bound,  
And leads thee thither, step by step,  
When faith is found.  
The hours of life are meant to trace  
The miracles of love and grace,  
Upon the world.

Our heaven lies in loving Him  
Within these days,  
And peace eternal is but life  
Set to His praise ;

And joy unending is the thought  
That through the years we fully wrought  
The Master's will.

## IF THE HEART IS NOT SINCERE.

You may gather with the people  
In the temple, in the square,  
And be first among the company  
Who on Sunday worship there ;  
You may sing the hymns of Zion,  
And give your coins in gold,  
And yet fail to meet the Master  
Or live within His fold.

Outward form has little meaning  
If the heart is not sincere ;  
Costly edifice and organ  
Do not bring the Saviour near.  
'Tis the longing soul who woos Him  
By the inward wish and prayer,  
And where life thus opens to Him,  
He will surely enter there.

This may be in costly temple,  
Or beneath the open sky ;  
“For where’er they truly seek Me,  
There to bless,” saith Christ, “am I” ;  
There to rich and poor a blessing  
From the Source of Life will fall ;  
For the Heav’nly gifts are reckon’d  
By a contrite heart, to all.

What is gold or man’s possession  
To the Lord who reigns above,

Till he makes them outward symbols  
Of a deep and heartfelt love?  
Then each tribute and expression  
With a holy radiance shine,  
Which lights up earth's lower levels  
With a life which is Divine.

## THERE ARE MOMENTS.

There are moments in to-day,  
    God knows where,  
When they who have a blessing  
    And can spare,  
May confer as angels do:  
Help to bring another through  
    A troubled day.

There are moments in to-day,  
    Seek to find,  
For they hold an open way  
    To be kind  
Unto such as seldom hear  
Mercy's footsteps drawing near  
    Unto their door.

There are moments in to-day,  
    Find them all,  
For our Father up in Heaven  
    Lets them fall,  
And He wills that they shall be  
Messengers with good from thee,  
    To such as need.

## THE SUNBEAM'S LESSON.

A sunbeam shone from Heaven to-day,  
And scattered its light abroad ;  
As it hid its life in mine, it taught  
This truth, in the voice of God :

“Go, carry, each hour, the light divine  
From out of the realms above,  
And as you touch in your path a life,  
Just shine with an heart of love.

“The world is cold and the way is dark  
For many whom you must meet ;  
And life which shines for another's gain.  
Is the life of all complete.

“ 'Tis thus the glory of yonder life,  
In all of its health and bliss,  
Becomes incarnate, from day to day,  
In the emptiness of this.”



## THE EMPTY DAY.

I told Him all about it—

    The empty day,  
From which the loves I've cherished,  
    Have passed away,  
How the hours with untold sorrow  
Drove the sunshine from the morrow.  
    Yes, He knows.

## THE HEAVENLY CHIMES

The heavenly chimes are ringing  
From the Temple's tower afar,  
And the stars are candles shining  
Through the gates of pearl ajar

And the zephyrs are the voices  
Of the spirit reaching all,  
As they listen in the gloaming  
For the Saviour's kindly call.

"Saying, come! where souls find resting,  
And earth's heartaches ever cease;  
Come toward Heaven, the holy city,  
Where the bells are chiming peace."

## MY HEART HIS HOME.

My heart a home for Jesus,  
For this each day I pray:  
A place so clean and holy,  
That He will love to stay.

My heart a home for Jesus,  
Restful, content, and calm,  
Doing His will and making  
Each little act a psalm.

My heart a home for Jesus,  
Where He shall live with me,  
To teach me every moment  
His will in all to see.

My heart a home for Jesus,  
Having Him ever near,  
Teaching me more of Heaven  
While I am living here.

## ALL NIGHT TOILING.

How oft our all night toiling  
On life's uncertain sea,  
Brings us like Thy disciples,  
Dear Master, unto Thee.

With empty nets, discourag'd,  
Our souls drift towards the shore,  
Where Thou dost wait to help us  
By ways unthought before.

For life ne'er had a failure  
Thy vision did not bound;  
Experience has no channel  
Thy plummet cannot sound.

Since Thou, oh Christ, discernest  
Where life's successes lie,  
May all our boats find guiding  
By stars from out Thy sky.

For if we gather blessing  
From toiling hard to-day,  
It shall be said at evening  
That Thou did'st lead the way.

## NEVER A DAY.

There is never a day so sunny  
But that some dear heart doth sigh  
As it bears its cross of sorrow  
'Neath a sad and sunless sky.

Ah, never a day? No, never,  
But that some must know of pain,  
And they cross the hours, full knowing  
The meaning of stress and strain.

Yet the Man of many sorrows,  
The Christ who was crucified,  
Who felt the throes near Calvary,  
Still walks by the Christian's side.

'Tis He that lifteth our burdens,  
And shareth each rising care,  
And sorrows of life grow lighter,  
When we know that the Christ is there.

## GOD AND FAITH.

“Be not faithless but believing,”  
Trust in darkness as in light,  
For the hand of God is firmer,  
When He leads His child by night,  
And I sometimes think we love Him  
Most, when dimly we must trace  
The lineaments of Fatherhood,  
Which cross His kindly face.

Ever is our faith the weakest  
When He leaves us walk alone,  
In some path well lit by sunshine,  
Where there's not a shadow thrown.  
Here we learn those selfish lessons  
Which the years steal not away,  
Till our Father comes to lead us  
Where earth's shadows thickly lay.

“Be not faithless but believing,”  
Thou must teach us, Master kind,  
By the sunless ways, it may be,  
How a stronger faith to find.  
Whether day or night is safest  
For our faith, as here we roam,  
Lead us, Father, as Thou deignest,  
Only bring us safely Home.

## CAN IT BE?

There's many a fainting brother  
Walking by our side to-day,  
Who it may be now is waiting  
For the word which we can say;  
Some one who, perchance, is friendless  
Crowded by the busy throng,  
Who this very hour is praying  
For some help to make him strong.

Can it be that we are passing  
With a Christian's song and hope,  
Happy, yet to such unheeding,  
Seeing by no larger scope  
Than ourselves, though from the Master  
We have heard our Father's will?  
Can it be that we are turning  
From some need which we may fill?

Open Thou our eyes, dear Saviour,  
Teach us with the days to read,  
As we pass beneath Thy goodness,  
What may be our brother's need.  
Let us have Thy mind more fully,  
And 'tis then that we shall be  
Servants of the King, dispensing  
Blessings all the way for Thee.

Aid us when our human weakness  
Staggers in its helplessness;

Give us grace direct from Heaven  
For each daily need and stress,  
And at last, when life is ended,  
Up in Heav'n may others say—  
“We are here because your kindness  
Help'd us over life's rough way.”



## THE LITTLE CHILD.

“Does the Master listen, mother,  
As I kneel by you and pray?  
Does God hear each word I utter,  
From His home so far away?  
Does He heed my childish pleadings,  
Can God feel my troubles, too?  
Will He come and help me love Him,  
As He comes with help to you?”

“Yes, my darling, God will help you,”  
Spake the mother, as she smiled;  
“He will kindly bless your child-heart,  
How God loves a little child!  
Though He lives way off in Heaven,  
Where the stars shine bright and clear,  
Yet from thence He comes to hear thee,  
As the hush of night draws near.”

Let me tell you how dear Jesus,  
Long ago in Palestine,  
Blest the souls of little children,  
Just as now He blesses thine;  
How with holy hands He prest them  
Close against His loving heart,  
And by silent benedictions  
Made their lives of His a part.

Then He said to His disciples,  
And to those that came to see,  
“They who would My kingdom enter,  
Must as little children be.”

## CHRISTMASTIDE.

I muse to-night by the hearth grate,  
And watch the red embers glow,  
While memory flies on sylphine wings  
To days of long ago.

Far back to a happy childhood,  
How swiftly the years do glide!  
For my journey is far, I find,  
To my boyhood's Christmastide.

I muse to-night by the grate light,  
And long for the olden days,  
And the Christmas times of childhood,  
With their mirth and cheerful lays.

In vain I wait for their coming,  
For I feel the hour is late;  
The voices of old are silent—  
Alone, I sit by the grate.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Love your own, let Christmas be joyful,  
To each some thoughtfulness show,  
That later shall bring thee gladness  
From days of the long ago.

## OH, GENTLE CHRIST!

Oh, gentle Christ! of old a friend  
To every need and pain,  
Draw near unto our valley lives  
And speak those words again  
That point with hope each starless night,  
Which hangs above the soul,  
And soothe to rest the troubled waves  
Which 'neath the moments roll.

For, as of old, our helpless souls  
Look out from self to Thee,  
And only as Thy touch is felt  
The heart from need is free.  
The tender winds of mercy still  
Must fan us from above,  
And naught can fill our lives with peace  
Save whispers of Thy love.

So, then, dear Lord, within to-day  
Let down from Heaven Thy care,  
And teach us by Thy kindly way  
Each heavy cross to bear,  
Until each lesson we have learned,  
Designed by shade and night;  
Then lead us where the skies are clear  
With Heaven's unchanging light.

## OUR LIVES LIKE SHIPS.

Human lives, like ships, have courses  
Where the storms prevail,  
Storms which wrench our trusted rigging,  
And test the toughest sail.  
Yet amid each hour of trial  
Which we of earth may see,  
There bides the Christ, who calm'd of old  
The Sea of Galilee.

There lies a way though oft unseen  
By these withholden eyes,  
By which to reach, though tempest-tossed,  
Our home beyond the skies.  
And those who leave these earthly ports,  
With Christ as Pilot true,  
Shall safely weather every gale  
The years may lead them through.

Ten thousand thousand souls have cross'd  
Upon this sea before,  
Who now are safely anchored there,  
Beside the golden shore.  
And out across the trackless deep,  
Where we to-day must sail,  
These words of God so sweetly sound,  
"My presence shall not fail."

And when at last our human heart  
Has cross'd its trials and tears,

I know we'll anchor over home,  
Beside those gladsome years,  
In which the sorrows of the past  
And heartaches ever cease;  
Where flows forever as a song  
The soul's unending peace.

## OUR LOWLY PLACE.

There is many an humble Christian  
Fenc'd within some lowly place,  
Who is filling it with service  
Which the angels love to trace ;  
For the Master notes the purpose,  
Rather than the place we fill,  
And accounts that service greatest  
Which is prompted by His will.

Down where hearts beat true and faithful,  
Both in thought and kindly deed,—  
Passing self to serve the Master,  
There it is the world can read,  
Living truths in heavenly accent,  
Such as Jesus taught to men,  
Thus it is in beauteous letters,  
We may write His life again.

He that with his Lord has tarried,  
He who with Him tarries still,  
Learns the grandest of all secrets,  
How each humble place to fill  
With a service so convincing  
That the heedless passing by,  
Pause to read its deeper spirit,  
And to note with eager eye.

Tired with much disappointment,  
Crowded from full many a race,

Patient now they see the *semblance*  
Of the life they meant to trace ;  
And through movings of the Spirit,  
From thy life there breathes a hope,  
That for them, though reached by failure,  
Life extends with larger scope.

What, indeed, then, doth it matter,  
Though a lowly place we fill,  
If within its walled proscriptions  
We can live the Father's will?  
If another soul in passing,  
Heedless of His love and grace,  
Finds the Saviour dwelling with us,  
Sees His image in our face?



## THE FACE.

Upon the face  
We each can trace  
The shape the soul doth wear,  
For every thought  
Is outward brought,  
And cast in image there.

## THE CHRISTMAS LESSON.

We read the dear old story,  
O'er and o'er this Christmas morn,  
Telling how in old Judea  
Our Lord, the Christ, was born.  
We may hear the Christmas angels,  
Singing sweetly from the skies;  
See the Shepherds; greet the Magi  
By the manger where He lies.

But we better keep the meaning  
Of that early Christmastide,  
If because we love the Saviour  
We to-day will turn aside  
From all narrow, selfish living,  
And be broad and kind and true,  
Scattering love's glad benefactions,  
In His name, upon a few.

Just to tell that Christ is living,  
Who in Bethlehem's town was born;—  
Living in our hearts and actions  
On this bright, new Christmas morn,  
For so many lives are cheerless,  
While our joy bells gladly ring;—  
Who are waiting for the blessing  
Which our Christmas gifts can bring.



*At The Beautiful Gate—5*

“WE MAY HEAR THE CHRISTMAS ANGELS.”



## THE LITTLE BLESSING.

Each can leave some little blessing  
'Long life's road way, I am sure,  
And the cost is such a trifle,  
If the heart is right and pure.

Yet these little turns bring healing—  
Just a word, an act, a smile,  
Fall as precious seed to ripen  
Into harvest afterwhile.

Try each day to help some other  
As you can. Be kind and true;  
Always do as you would have them,  
In exchange, do unto you.

## 'TIS SWEET TO LIVE.

When life is sunny and the heart is gay  
And the roses bloom through the passing way,  
And the zephyrs kiss with a kindly grace  
The violets that laugh from their lowly place ;  
And the stars shine down from the land of light,  
As candles of God through the summer's night—  
    'Tis sweet to live.

It is then you read in a language new  
That God is good, that He is good to you.  
For the sun, the rose, and the zephyr's kiss,  
Each carry some gift from their world to this.  
And the violets, by their fragrance rare,  
Enscribe this truth on the perfumed air—  
    'Tis sweet to live.



## DOES THE MASTER KNOW?

Does the Master know when the heart has pain,  
And the soul looks out through the drifting rain  
That falls?

Do you think He sees, when the end seems lost  
To the hopes I hold, and the heart is toss'd  
By fears?

Does He note the ills, that I hourly know?  
And treasure the pleas,—each whispered low,  
To Him?

In the long ago, He was kind to all,  
So I'll trust Him still, whatsoe'er befall,  
And wait.

And I know, some day, I shall better see  
The meaning of life, which is dark to me,  
Just now.

## SEEDS OF SERVICE.

Sow the shining seeds of service  
In the furrow of each day,  
Plant each one with serious purpose,  
In a hopeful, tender way.  
Never lose one seed, nor cast it  
Wrongly with an hurried hand;  
Take full time to lay it wisely,  
Where and how thy God hath plann'd.

Thus the blessed way of sharing  
With another soul your gains,  
Which, though losing life, you find it  
Yielding fruit on golden plains;  
For the soul which sows its blessings,  
Great or small, in word or smile,  
Gathers, as the Master promised,  
Either here or afterwhile.

Sow, this day, the seeds of service  
In some life, as you can spare;  
Bend above the soul you strengthen  
For a moment's silent prayer.  
Trust that somehow God will nurture  
Deeds which love and faith afford,  
Till the angel hands shall reap them  
For the garner of the Lord.



## BEYOND THE SUNSET.

Just beyond the sunset,  
Just across the night,  
Where the morning touches  
The tomb with fadeless light,  
Lies our soul's sure dwelling,  
This life's sweet by-and-by ;  
With every cross unshouldered,  
Tears gone from every eye.

Each heart at times has yearnings  
Which cross to yonder rest,  
When days are marked by trouble,  
And life is sorely pressed.  
We look athwart the distance  
Through faith's clear telescope,  
And find within our vision  
The life for which we hope.

## NEARING HOME.

Far from my home, yet careful hands are leading—  
The pierced hands of Christ, whom I know and love.  
Far up the steep of life's insidious journey,  
He calmly leads me, toward my Home above.

Far from my Home, but I am coming nearer,  
Though prodigal my feet have often chose to roam,  
Yet to my heart this consciousness is dawning—  
With the moments passing, I am nearing Home.

Nearing the City, whose foundations centre  
On the Rock of Ages, which is sure and tried;  
Nearing the gates of pearl and walls of jasper,  
Where before God's face the ransom'd souls abide.

Oh, tender Saviour, bring within Thy leading  
Those whom I love, whose hearts beat warm with  
mine;

Woo them to follow in Thy sacred footsteps,  
Up from earth's poor dwelling to Thy Home divine.

There in the secret of Thy blessed presence,  
Toil-worn nor weary shall we ever be—  
Finding at last, with tearless eyes, our long'd for,  
Who have cross'd before us to their Heav'n and  
Thee.

## THE VALE ILLUSIVE.

There lies so near us, close at hand,  
A vale illusive,—spirit land.  
'Tis bridged by silence, 'cross which roll  
The noiseless chariots of the soul.

We touch its bounds with muffled tread,  
We lay within its bourne our dead,  
And wait with bated breath to hear  
Some echo faint from out its sphere.

But silence quivers twixt our sighs,  
Since speechless courtiers of the skies,  
Invisible, receive our blest  
And bear their spirits into rest.

While sense and reason wait in gloom,  
Faith tarries by Emmanuel's tomb,  
And sees its hopes triumphant rise  
From out death's silence toward the skies.

## EVENTIDE.

'Tis eventide,  
And by Thy side,  
    Oh, blessed Christ, we bow,  
Conscious of sin,  
Come reign within,  
    And cleanse us, cleanse us now.

'Tis eventide,  
Our souls would hide,  
    So weary, Lord, in Thee;  
Would find their rest  
Upon Thy breast,  
    And nestling peaceful be.

'Tis eventide,  
Our souls abide  
    For shelter 'neath Thy love;  
Let angels keep  
Us while we sleep—  
    Angels from Heaven above.

'Tis eventide,  
Oh, Crucified!  
    O'er our loved ones bend;  
From cares release—  
Whisper Thy peace,  
    And be to each a Friend.

## NEW YEAR HOURS.

As the winged hours of life  
Speed away,  
Let them freighted be with good  
Every day;  
Let kind deeds with Christly grace,  
In each moment find a place,  
As they pass.

Let the acts of every hour  
Sunshine throw  
On the darker side of life,  
As you go.  
Make the world feel you are here,  
Not to sadden, but to cheer,  
Other lives.

Learn of Him, who said of old,  
"Follow Me."  
As thy guide in word and deed  
Let Him be,  
And your life shall values hold,  
Richer, rarer, than pure gold  
Of the mines.

## PEACE, PEACE, BE STILL!

The bitter hour, the trying time,  
When souls break down, though hard they climb  
The steeps of life ;  
'Tis then, ah then, a Friend draws nigh,  
To hear our stress beneath each sigh.

No weary life is left alone  
With burdens which the days have thrown  
Upon the soul ;  
For tender still is He of old,  
Who listen'd to the sorrows told.

He comes our tired lives to meet,  
And treads our paths with pierc'd feet,  
Just as of yore.  
He yet abides as sacred guest,  
Where human hearts prepare Him rest.

Across our troubles oft is heard  
The tender, yet emphatic, word,  
"Peace, peace, be still!"  
Why do we doubt though ills attend  
Our life sometimes, with such a Friend?

Sure we can trust for days to be,  
With such a guide, O Christ, as Thee,—  
Trust all the way ;  
For all who rest within Thy love  
Shall safely reach the Home above.

## LITTLE QUIET MOMENTS.

There's a little quiet moment,  
Yes, a secret hiding-place,  
Near to every hour of trouble,  
When the Master shows His face,  
When all burdens grow the lighter,  
And the skies above shine brighter,—  
'Tis blessed to be there.

You may find it if you seek it,  
For it lies not far away,  
You will reach it where the Spirit  
Biddeth thee to stop and pray ;  
And the burdens will grow lighter,  
And the skies above shine brighter,—  
'Tis blessed to be there.

You will never leave its quiet,  
Or forget the meeting there,  
And forever after, crosses  
Will be easier to bear ;  
For the burden will be lighter,  
And the skies above be brighter,—  
'Tis blessed to be there.

Not alone did Christ intend it  
That life's trials we should meet,  
"For My grace shall be sufficient,  
And My presence thy retreat" ;

And the burden will be lighter,  
And the skies above be brighter,—  
'Tis blessed to be there.

Why should the days grow darksome,  
And why should the hours be drear,  
When just around the corner  
We may find our Master near?  
Just around the heart's sad sighing,  
Close beside the hour so trying,—  
'Tis blessed to be there.

Some day, safe within the City,  
Saved by His constant grace,  
Giv'n so freely as we tarried  
In the blessed hiding-place,  
We shall find all burdens lightened,  
And the skies forever brightened,—  
'Tis blessed to be there.



## HE THINKS OF THEE.

To-day may hold a thousand cares,  
And burdens press thee unawares,  
    And faint thy soul may be.  
Thy needs may rise on broken sighs  
Across life's shadows toward the skies;  
    But God doth think of thee.

He trod this way with lonely heart,  
And bore for all the human part;  
    That He our need might know.  
And now, ascended far above,  
Still stoops to catch the call of love  
    Which rises from below.

The burden of thy heart He feels,  
And every sigh of grief appeals  
    And finds its answer there.  
No soul that knocketh needs to wait  
In vain, for long, beside His gate,—  
    The Master heareth prayer.

## A BROKEN HEART.

To-day I met a broken heart  
Whose hopes were rent atwain  
By sorrow, and I saw the tears  
Run down like drops of rain.

I saw without, God saw within ;  
I guess'd its stress, He knew ;  
I brought to soothe a human word,  
And then my task was through.

I may have failed howe'er I strove,  
For grief hath depths I know,  
Through which the fullest human heart,  
In pity cannot go.

But up in Heaven there is a Friend  
With sympathy most real,  
Who reaches far below each grief  
Which human hearts may feel.

'Tis He that meets us on the way  
Where tears fall like the rain,  
When oft our earthly loves and hopes,  
By death are rent atwain.

## THE HIGHER CALL.

Fret not thy soul about the way  
Thy steps shall take  
For God will make  
Thy journey plain when it is time.  
Then keep thou heart,  
Do well the part  
Which falls unto thy lot to-day.  
Meet thou thy trial,  
And sore denial,  
And after this the call shall come,  
To greater good.

For He whose eye is on the dial  
Regards thy strength,  
And will at length  
Assign an ampler task to thee,  
As fitness shows  
To Him who knows,  
When thou are ready for advance.  
Then shall be heard  
The Master's word,  
"Go thou unto thy higher place,  
The hour is come."

## COME UNTO ME.

Come unto Me, ye weary, heavy laden,  
All ye who by much care are sore opprest ;  
Come unto Me, come bring thine every burden,  
Bring thy tir'd heart, and I will give it rest.

Come unto Me, I know the paths you travel,  
Weary ofttimes thy plodding feet must be,  
Hard is thy journey, few are thy comforters,  
Come to thy Rest, my child —'tis found in Me.

Burdens are lain on thee by weaker spirits.  
Thou like thy Lord must oft be sorely prest  
Into a service full of strain and worry,  
Yet come to Me for sympathy and rest.

Come though thy needs be felt in vale or mountain,  
Come to the "secret place," I will meet thee there.  
Come tell to Me the untold stress and longing,  
Come to the Father-heart, and He will share.





*At The Beautiful Gate—6*

“BUT THE MASTER’S WORDS HAVE COMFORT.”



## THE TENDER CHRIST.

Go to Bethany with Jesus,  
Hearts are breaking, oh, the tears!  
But the Master's words have comfort,  
And they echo down the years,  
Reaching hearts that still are breaking,  
With a sympathy Divine;  
And to each the Saviour whispers:  
"Make these precious sayings thine."

Go to Bethany with Jesus!  
All your heart-aches are His, too;  
And whatever loss is suffered,  
He will be a friend to you.  
There's a pathos in His pity,  
Tender as a mother's sigh,  
As He points up through earth's sorrows  
To the Father's home on high.

## EASTERTIDE.

Go forward, soul, to that event  
Which to each life must come;  
Go soothe thy fears of death  
By this sweet resurrection hope,  
Go live through every task and duty  
For that life which lies beyond;  
That life with plentiful reward  
For every well-done service,  
And the promise of a time,  
When all unfinished toilings  
Shall in Heaven be completed  
Under God's own watchful eye.  
Live for Him, with hopes of Heaven,  
Which no spirit, near nor far, may question;  
Live for life eternal—that life beyond the tomb.  
Easter brings it near you,  
Take it, and believe it—  
Christ, your Resurrection  
And your Hope.



## THE SWEETEST MOMENTS.

Learn to hide within the secret  
Of God's presence every day.  
Learn to tell Him, as you tarry,  
All the troubles of the way.  
For no human friend will listen  
With such patient, loving care  
To the little ills and worries  
As the Christ who meets thee there.

You will find your sweetest moments  
In such fellowship Divine—  
Yea, the very gate of Heaven—  
Where the Master's features shine  
In upon some hour's communion  
Where the needs of life are told.  
Ah! 'tis there the Saviour meets us  
With His tenderness of old.

Find it while the days are passing,  
Let thy moments each be blest  
With the Saviour's benediction  
Falling as you seek His rest.  
Let Him stamp His image on you—  
Chosen, pardon'd, sanctified,  
Through the blood which flow'd for healing  
From the Master's pierced side.

## THE LIFTED LATCH.

With every day there comes a way,  
With passing hours, a door,  
Through which with joy we see an end  
We dream'd not of before.

The latch is lifted when our feet  
Upon the threshold stand,  
And why adjustments thus are made  
Is hard to understand.

Who sees us coming up the road?  
What presence 'bides within?  
Whose hand is it that lifts the latch  
To let us enter in?

Ah, sure, 'tis One, who though unseen  
By these withholden eyes,  
Must watch our hesitating feet  
From the windows in the skies.

It must be God who builds these doors  
Athwart our pilgrim way;  
It must be He who opes them, too,  
For you and me each day.

And since Earth's gates are opened,  
Shall we not find it true,  
That when we knock at Heaven's  
That will be opened, too?

## BEARING PRECIOUS SEED.

He that goeth forth with weeping,  
    Bearing precious seeds;  
He that goeth as God's servant,  
    As the Spirit leads;  
Scatt'ring here and there the message,  
    In the simplest way,  
Shall return at length rejoicing,  
    Bearing sheaves away.

He that goeth forth with weeping,  
    Counting not the price,  
Sowing for the coming harvest  
    At a sacrifice;  
Throwing seed where weeds grow tallest,  
    On some barren plain,  
Shall at last come home rejoicing,  
    Bearing golden grain.

Ah, were the truth oft watered  
    By the sower's tears,  
We would find far better gleanings  
    In the after years;  
For 'tis when the heart is burden'd  
    Unto weeping eyes,  
That the Father sends the Spirit  
    Downward from the skies.

## FAITH.

Just to follow every day  
Where God leads ;  
Just to scatter all the way  
Sunny deeds ;  
Just to go, nor question why  
Shadows fall ;  
Ever looking up to God  
Through them all.

Just to live through every day  
Pure and right ;  
Keeping from my heart always  
Cares that blight ;  
Just to stand with purpose strong  
When I'm tried ;  
Learning thus my every all  
To confide.

Just to listen for God's voice  
From within ;  
Just to carry straight to Him  
All my sin ;  
Just to hope, when all *seems* ill,  
For the best,  
'And in faith and patience then  
Calmly rest.

## THE HOMEWARD WAY.

God knows the road which rugged lies  
Betwixt our feet and yonder skies.  
He sees full well the steep incline,  
And knows the purpose and design  
    Back of it all.

The burden which the shoulders press,  
The inward sigh, the outward stress :  
The Father knows, and makes to fall  
Within His goodness, after all,  
    To those that love.

We sometimes feel our patience wane  
Beneath the worry and the strain,  
And oft forget the cruel thorn  
By which our Saviour's heart was torn,  
    And so complain.

'Ah, yes, too often do we frown  
Beside the cross which holds the crown,  
Forgetting Christ, who chose our way,  
We fail to hear our Master pray :  
    "Thy will, not mine."

The anxious thought, the bitter tears,  
Which come and go, as rush the years,  
Each touch an heart to ours akin,  
Which reaches to a world of sin,  
    To beat withal.

The clouds will part at sunset time,  
To bathe with gold the paths we climb,  
So take the way He bids thee press,  
For days and years are growing less,  
And rest is near.

And when as pilgrims, soon or late,  
We reach our home by Heaven's gate,  
The troubl'd days may brightest seem,  
And fairer ones be as a dream,  
So soon forgot.

## DO YOU KNOW?

There is joy for every sorrow,  
A real hope for every morrow,  
With a peace to calm thy way,  
Which is rough with storms to-day,  
Do you know?

There is faith for every trial,  
And for faces sad a smile,  
With assistance from above,  
Timely, and with thoughtful love,  
Do you know?

There is light for darkness deep,  
And for wakeful eyes a sleep  
Which hath dreams of perfect rest  
For the heart by cares opprest,  
Do you know?

There is rest when labors end,  
This alike to foe and friend;  
Ere we reach it comes the night,  
Just beyond *that* lies the light,  
Do you know!

## WANDERING BACK.

I was wandering back to-night, dear,  
    'Cross the years we've come together,  
And I thought of the gladsome sunshine  
    And I thought of the cloudy weather.  
It's been a good while since we started,  
    Do you remember that happy day,  
When our friends called out, "God bless you,"  
    As gladly we hasten'd away?

It was early in life, you remember,  
    And youth beamed out of our eyes,  
And hope was as bright as the stars  
    That then shone above in the skies.  
We came to this very same hearthstone,  
    And that just fifty years ago,  
And we lighted a fire as this, dear,  
    And sat in the sheen of its glow.

We watched the sparks flying upward,  
    And sang of hope and the years,  
We outlined a picture of gladness,  
    But left from that vision all tears.  
Those years have each come and departed,  
    And have wrought for us many a change.  
I've been wandering back to-night, love,  
    Through those years which now look so strange.

You were then a youthful bride, my dear,  
    I was the lone joy of your heart,



We'd promised we'd pull together,  
And we've done it, dear, from the start.  
Very much that we had and loved fondly,  
And toiled hard and long to get,  
Fled far in an hour unexpected,  
But 'mid all we're together yet.

Much joy that we never dreamed of  
Graced many an hour of our life,  
And sorrows they, too, came to find us,  
And oft cut our hearts as a knife.  
Yet now, as I bring up our life-time,  
Though I weep 'mid much that is past,  
I rejoice that we're still together  
In these days we must call the last.

Our children, whose prattle and frolic  
Filled these old rooms with their glee,  
Have gone whither other loves bade them,  
And it's lonely for you and for me.  
But we know that they love us still, dear,  
And this makes these days brighter, too,  
For though they have left us, they love us,  
Just as much as they used to do.

We sat by yon window together,  
As life's storms beat over the way,  
And we looked toward Heaven for clearing,  
Those prayers are answer'd to-day;  
For I saw in the evening's sunset  
A message from God, traced in gold,

Which came, as the work of some angel,  
And this was the message it told:

“E’en down to old age will My presence  
Be near you as guardian Divine,  
For the Lord of the birds and the lilies,  
Keepeth watch over thee and thine.”

\* \* \* \* \*

So we’ll sit by the old grate longer,  
I will kindle the flame anew,  
And we’ll wait for the nearing Stranger,  
Who is coming for me and you.

## TELL THY GLAD STORY.

Thou who dost know a better, brighter future,  
Tell thy glad story where the world has need;  
Whisper its meaning into some soul's doubting,  
Let it be heard in every word and deed.

Thou who dost know the peace, past understanding;  
Thou who dost keep God's spirit in the breast,  
Tell of its joys amid the world's disquiet,  
Thousands there are who dream not of its rest.

Thou who hast heard the Saviour's glad revealing,  
The message of heaven, known by thee as true,  
Herald it forth, for many hearts are listening  
To hear the old, old story in accents new.

## FAITHFUL, TRUSTFUL.

Cease, dear soul, to borrow trouble,  
Leave to-morrow all with Me,  
Live to-day, be faithful, trustful,  
As thy days thy strength shall be.

I can see the far off future,  
I will plan the best for thee.  
Here's my promise, blessing bides there,  
Where just now you cannot see.

Is not every sparrow cared for?  
Thou art dearer than them all.  
I'll provide thy food and raiment,  
Let not anxious cares appal.

Seek my Kingdom, do thy noblest,  
Live and trust, in faith obey.  
Rest in God. Believe His promise,  
"I will guide thee all the way."

Cease, dear soul, to borrow trouble,  
Harbor neither doubt nor fear,  
For to-day, to-morrow, always,  
I, thy faithful Friend, am near.

## LIFE IN SERVICE.

Find thy truest life in service,  
Not in theories—but in deeds;  
Make thy soul insist in doing,  
Rather than in learning creeds.

March with simple truth to service,  
Stand with God, who stands with thee,  
Abide abreast with duty,  
Be bold, courageous, free.

Study truth for daily guidance,  
Make it fit all human needs,  
Thus thy life will earn the values  
Miss'd by simply learning creeds.

## WE WONDER WHY.

Sometimes in life we wonder why  
The heart must ache, the lip must sigh;  
Why disappointments cross our way,  
To thwart the hopes we hold to-day.  
'Ah, soul, the Father hath His plan,  
Beneath these ways we cannot scan,  
And ever shall His purpose be  
Worked out for good to you and me,  
If we will wait.

To know that through the strain and stress  
Of human hearts, when burdens press;  
To know that when our life holds care,  
The Son of God, the Christ, is there—  
Will give us faith for paths of night,  
Will change the darkness into light,  
Along the way.





*At The Beautiful Gate—7*

“THE SON OF GOD, THE CHRIST, IS THERE.”





## LIKE HIM.

Just to be like Him,  
In thought and deed,  
Living a language  
Which each can read ;  
Letting our light shine  
Where'er we be ;  
Seeking in all things,—  
Likeness to Thee.

Just to be like Him,  
Bearing our cross,  
Sharing successes,  
Meeting our loss ;  
Yet ever seeing  
In every place,—  
The signs of God's promise,  
The smile of His face.

## THE ANGELS OF EASTER.

There is no heart which needeth not  
To see the lilies bloom,  
As emblems of the risen life  
Beyond the narrow tomb.

The Resurrection of our Lord  
Is yet each Easter told,  
While lilies and their kindred flowers  
From winter's throes unfold.

Beside the sepulchre where rest  
The dust of those we love,  
Each lily-bloom in God's wide world  
Doth whisper, "Look above."

There is no death, the Lord of life  
Hath conquered e'en the tomb,  
And from the clods oft wet by tears  
Hope springs, while lilies bloom.

Oh, may the angels meet us yet  
On this new Easter-tide,  
And lead us through our griefs to find  
The risen Christ who died.

## TRUE RELIGION.

The religion I am after,  
You need no creed to see,  
It's the kind the Bible shows us  
In Christ of Galilee.

It is that which helps the halting,  
And opens eyes long blind,  
And forgets itself so often  
In order to be kind.

It is such as lifteth burdens  
From souls too weak to bear ;  
And however small its portion,  
In love will stoop to share.

The religion I am after  
Will last the long years through,  
And no matter what the weather,  
Will leave a joy or two.

'Tis the sort which throws the Summer  
O'er days oft dark and drear,  
And which makes you oftentimes wonder  
Whether Heaven isn't near.

'Tis the kind which feels the movings  
Of the Spirit in its breast,  
As it findeth, like an angel,  
The lonely and opprest.

It is such that meets the sinner  
Without contempt or frown,  
And, in his struggle after God,  
Points out the victor's crown.

The religion I am after,  
You need no creed to see,  
'Tis the kind the Bible shows us  
In Christ of Galilee.

## THE POISE OF TRUST.

There is one dear little lesson  
Our hearts would fain pass by;  
Yet one we each could master,  
If each would will to try.  
'Tis that short but irksome lesson,  
O'er which we each lament;  
Teaching how in every moment  
To claim a sweet content.

We wondered why the Teacher  
Review'd this page each day  
And said so much about it,  
In such a patient way;  
Yet, we said: "I'll ne'er need it,"  
And pushed the book aside;  
And I think that He was sorry—  
Though He never stopp'd to chide.

'Twas the page which taught of trusting  
When everything goes wrong,  
In One whose love is boundless,  
Whose strength can make us strong;  
Which told us not to worry much,  
But cast on Him all care,  
And calmly rest and do our best,  
Always and everywhere.

We've learned part of that lesson  
By pressure it may be,

Yet through mistakes and follies  
We now have come to see—  
That life is poised by trusting;  
That happiness is blent  
With the will to do our duty,  
And be in all content.

## COMPENSATION.

Beautiful thoughts make beautiful days,  
Beautiful steps trace beautiful ways,  
Beautiful words bring peace untold  
Everywhere as the years grow old.

The sunny soul on a darkened road  
Brightens the heart, lightens the load,  
Lets in Heaven, and whispers rest  
Over the toils of lives opprest.

The helping hand may always shift  
The sails of souls long gone adrift ;  
May let the winds of God blow in  
To bear them out from shoals of sin.

And many an anchor has been weigh'd  
Because another soul has prayed,  
And laid its burdens and its fears  
Upon the Christ who always hears.

And yonder by the golden strand,  
The kindly turns we often plann'd,  
Returning home, will each be fraught  
With greater blessings than we thought.

## YET GOD'S LOVE SHINES.

Thou hast had a happy day,  
Sunshine, peaceful all the way;  
Speckless sky and hearts so dear,  
Helpful smiles and words of cheer,—  
Praise Him for it all.

Gifts abundant, ne'er a need  
Which His goodness did not read.  
Joy abounding, not a care  
To disturb thee anywhere,—  
Praise Him for it all.

Many days of cloudless blue,  
Many friends, loving and true;  
Mercies falling from above,  
Tokens all around of love,—  
Praise Him for it all.

Morning dawns with cheerless sky,  
Heart in sadness, lips now sigh;  
Cross is heavy, strength so small;  
Yet God's love shines through it all,—  
Praise Him for it all.



## THE WORDLESS PRAYER.

A thousand wordless prayers arise  
From needful hearts toward yonder skies,  
And day by day they bear the stress  
Which human speech could not express.  
Far up to God their way they trace,  
And bring from Him the needed grace.

We each are conscious of some need,  
But who of earth can ever read  
The silent calls which reach the Throne,  
From souls whom Jesus calls "His own"?  
The sigh, the tears, the grief, the fears,  
Which run like shadows 'thwart the years;  
These each to God have voice which pleads  
For mercy's answer to their needs.

'Tis often when we do not know,  
That God is nearest, here below,  
For back of narrow sense His power  
Vibrates with feeling every hour;  
And Love Incarnate stoops to heal  
The weaknesses we never feel.

Ah, blessed be the tender Heart  
Of Him who came to bear our part!  
Whose thoughts still hold, though gone on high,  
Whose mercy fathoms every sigh.

Oh, Master of the soul, incline  
Our life to feel the touch Divine,  
And may we each responsive be  
To all which leads toward God and Thee.

## THE EVENING PRAYER.

Follow with Thy blessing, Father,  
Where this day our hearts have wrought,  
Lest the purpose and the labor  
These have given come to naught.

Here a smile upon a spirit  
Pressed to sadness by a loss,  
There a helping hand extended  
To another with his cross.

There a tear was shed with sorrow,  
And where human heart was weighed  
By a thousand cares and troubles,  
In Thy name we stopped and prayed.

To the hungry and the needy  
We dispensed our willing dole,  
And we sought to guide a pilgrim  
Toward the Homeland of the soul.

We rejoiced with those enjoying  
New found blessings from above,  
And we taught the little children  
Of the Saviour's wondrous love.

And we sat within the evening,  
Just to leave a word of cheer  
With the aged, who are waiting  
Till the Heavenly call they hear.

Blessed hath this lowly service,  
We have given, been to-day ;  
Follow with Thy richest blessing,  
And accept it, Lord, we pray.

## THE RAIN-DROP.\*

It was but a tiny rain-drop  
That fell from an ashen sky,  
Which flash'd a light through the window  
As I glided swiftly by.

Through the rifts of the clouds beyond me  
Came a ray of sunlight fair,  
Which kissed the falling rain-drop,  
And left a bright rainbow there.

With its life of new-won beauty,  
It shone through its little day,  
'Till the rift in the cloud was mended  
And the light was shut away.

But, ah! it had filled its mission,  
And all to its heart was right,  
When God closed the leaden shutters  
And girt its life by night.

For one soul had seen its beauty—  
Was cheered on his passing way,  
Because it carried a sunbeam  
On its tiny face that day.

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\* Written on the train during a storm.

## SWEET STARS.

Sweet stars of hope shine down  
    Into our holden eyes,  
Beckoning through the night  
    Earth's pilgrims to the skies.

Sweet stars of hope shine in  
    Upon the soul's unrest,  
Reflecting there the calm  
    Which dwells within Thy breast.

Sweet stars of hope, God let  
    Through sorrow's shadows shine,  
Bringing to tears and griefs  
    The light of Heaven divine.

Sweet stars of hope shine bright  
    Through every tomb's dark way,  
And may thy beams portend  
    The dawn of life's long day.

Send good hope, unfailing,  
    Thy joy to anxious eyes,  
Whisper 'cross the silence  
    God's message from the skies.

## CALVARY.

Oh, Calvary, we love thee,  
For on thy hilly side  
The Son of God, our Saviour,  
In meek submission died.  
There on Thy cross suspended,  
Forth from his pierced side,  
Flowed streams incarnadine,  
Redemption to provide.

Oh, Calvary, remind us  
Beneath our heavy cross,  
That though we often stumble  
We cannot suffer loss ;  
For He who up thy hillside  
Bore such an heavy load,  
Will help us with our burdens  
Along the roughest road.

Oh, Calvary, speak often,  
For we forget so soon,  
How night with weird darkness  
Hung o'er thee, just at noon.  
And when in life's bright mid-day,  
O'er us the shadows fall,  
And we begin to murmur,  
May we thy night recall.

Oh, Calvary, blest Calvary,  
To us thy memories bring,

For faith is quickened only,  
And round thy cross we cling.  
Speak to us of our Saviour,  
As through the world we go,  
Who died on thy dark summit,  
Because He loved us so.







*At The Beautiful Gate—8*

“OH, THOU WHO O’ER A TIRED ROAD.”

## 'TIS AFTERWHILE.

Oh, thou who o'er a tired road  
Hast toiled towards home to-day,  
And long'd to know when rest would come,  
The Scriptures to thy questions say—  
'Tis afterwhile.

Oh, thou who lookest toward the skies  
Through windows marked with rain,  
And wonder when the clouds will pass,  
And sunshine laugh again—  
'Tis afterwhile.

Oh, thou, who lonely, oft are sad  
In paths you walk alone,  
Who patient, bide the Father's time  
To greet and clasp thine own—  
'Tis afterwhile.

## WHEN THE TIDE RUNS HIGH.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,  
Cast it when the tide runs high,  
Cast it o'er the ebb returning,  
You will find it by and by.  
For love never leaves her blessing  
'Midst the many needs of men,  
But some day, as saith the promise,  
She shall gather all again.

Cast thy bread upon the bosom  
Of the streams that pass to-day,  
For it may be God has station'd  
Some poor soul along the way,  
Who is waiting for the coming  
Of the gift He bids thee send;  
Give it while the tide is flowing,  
In the name of God and friend.

Cast thy gift upon the current,  
Though to thee it seemeth small;  
For the scantest ones oft carry  
Untold blessing where they fall.  
For within our day the Master,  
Still, as in the times of old,  
Multiplies the gifts we offer  
Sixty and an hundred fold.

## TRUTH.

My soul, within thy temple welcome Truth,  
Though travel-stained its outer garments be ;  
Give it a place, where godly prophets stand,  
Be thou the hearer, as it speaks to thee.

Expel from out thy chancel such as frown  
At other light than yesterday reflects,  
Be thou that soul that stays not with to-day,  
But with the morrow greater truth expects.

### 'A WORD UNKIND.

'A little word with an arrow's dart,  
Poisoned and aimed at a human heart;  
How they fly from tensioned bows!  
With an eye of sin behind the string,  
Guiding the course of its outward fling,  
A loosened hold, and forth it goes.



## THE CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER.

Help me, oh, loving Father,  
Through even shade and shine  
To know, to know Thy promise,  
To make, to make each mine;  
To lean far out upon them,  
When everything around,  
Save faith, which reacheth Godward,  
Lies prostrate on the ground.

Help me, oh, loving Father,  
Throughout the empty day,  
When hopes ephemeral vanish,  
Each pressing need to lay  
Close where thy heart hath beatings  
Of sympathy divine,  
With every struggling purpose  
Within this heart of mine.

Help me, oh, loving Father,  
Who needs Thee more than I,  
As through life's open windows  
I see Thy love go by,  
With kindly hand dispensing  
Each moment's needed grace?  
Help me thereby the better  
To fill some lowly place.

Help me, oh, loving Father,  
Each broken stitch to mend,

And make each humble purpose  
Of mine with Thine to blend,  
And when these waning moments  
And life's long day shall meet,  
May I this joy be given,  
To stand in Thee complete.



## THE HELPING HAND.

Can I help another  
By some word or deed?  
Can I scatter blessing  
O'er a soul's sore need?

If I can, then let me  
Now, within to-day,  
Help the one who needs me  
On a little way.

## THE DAISY'S LESSON.

Well, to-day I saw a daisy,  
Down across the old mill race,  
Blooming 'mid the scatter'd clover  
In a lonely sort of place.

'All day long this daisy patient  
Toyed amid the meadow grass,  
Catching now and then a sunbeam  
Or a shadow that might pass.

Seemingly content and happy,  
Down across the old mill race;  
All the day this wenty daisy  
Carried sunshine in its face.

As I hasten'd by it taught me  
Not to spurn a lowly place,  
'And to carry with me always  
Lots of sunshine in my face.

## BITS OF SUNSHINE.

A little bit of sunshine,  
A little word or two,  
Just falling as the moments  
Suggest the way to you,  
These will change the features  
Of the world's sad face,  
And give some soul the courage  
To stand within his place.

A little bit of sunshine,  
Enough to throw a smile  
Upon some downcast spirit,  
His sorrows to beguile;  
Ah, this is what is needed  
More often than we know,  
By those whose hearts are aching  
Along their paths below.

Little bits of sunshine  
Caught from the skies above,  
Just falling with the moments  
From out an heart of love;  
Such service truly given  
To each will surely bring,  
Its blessing here, and yonder,  
From Christ, our Lord and King.

## RESIGNATION.

Just to live, dear Christ, for Thee  
All the day.

Pressing near Thy Father-heart  
All the way.

Learning there, close by Thy side,  
How, in times of need, to hide  
Myself in Thee.

Just to leave the Spirit do  
What He will,  
Though His bidding be to go  
Or be still.

For the sweetest hours to me  
Have been those when led of Thee.  
Oh, lead me still!

## HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

'Art thou weary of thy cross?  
Have faith and pray.  
Be patient, strength will come,  
Strength for to-day.

For near thee bides the Christ  
Who Calvary trod;  
Who comes again to say,—  
“Have faith in God.”

So tender is His word  
To all opprest;  
“Lean thou on Me, and I  
Will give thee rest.”

Rest for the homeward way.  
Then be thou strong;  
For cross will come the Crown,  
To thee ere long.



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